

RECORD REGISTRATION HERE

Santa Fe Deeds Two Miles of Paved Streets to Torrance

POLL WILL SET NEW MARK

1928 Names on Torrance Ballot List, Gain of 485 Over 1926

COUNCIL NAMES BOARDS

Seven Precincts Are Consolidated Into Three to Save \$200

That Torrance has grown rapidly in the past two years and that interest in the municipal election on April 9 is running high is indicated by the fact that more voters are registered in Torrance this year than at any previous time in the history of the city.

The total registration in the seven precincts here is 1956 as against 1472 in 1926, an increase of 484.

With the election less than three weeks away the Council Tuesday night designated polling places and named election boards.

Consolidated Precinct 1, 2 and 3, residence of Frank Spoon, 2275 Redondo Boulevard, Board, W. R. Bowen, inspector; Mrs. Florence Gramling, judge; Mrs. Ila M. Gilbert, clerk; Walter C. Bradford, clerk.

Consolidated Precinct 4 and 5, Harvel's Battery station, 1618 Cravens avenue; board, J. F. Anderson, inspector; Mrs. Persia K. Fees, judge; Mrs. Clemma Watson, Consolidated Precinct 6 and 7, American Legion Hall, 2252 Carson street; Board, Charles H. Quandt, inspector; Charles E. Ackley, judge; Mrs. Margaret Felker, clerk; Mrs. Dorothy I. Harder, clerk.

The polls will be open from 9 a. m. to 7 p. m.

A real plan service. Consolidated Lumber Co.—adv.

Women's Club Play Reflects Credit on Director and Cast

Reflecting credit upon their director, Willis M. Brooks and upon themselves, members of the cast of the Women's Club annual play last Friday night entertained a large audience at the High School Auditorium with a presentation of "A Mystery Comedy."

To segregate certain members of the cast and designate them as the stars of the performance would be unfair, for every part was especially well taken.

The play was replete with engaging situations in which the players did exceptionally well. It was a type of play which differed widely from amateur productions given heretofore in Torrance. It was more difficult than any production previously attempted, where more than usual credit is due the director and his well-chosen cast.

Playing the part of a chauffeur, whose past was linked rather irrevocably with falls and the minions of the law, Gene Dunford handled his comedy splendidly. He did much more than just pronounce his lines. His "business" was well thought out and well executed.

Kay Ellison, married telephone girl, was a part handled with rare discrimination by Miss Virginia Buxton, who brought to her part in the play a wealth of experience before the public.

Sam Levy took the part of Larry Scott. Heretofore Mr. Levy has taken only humorous parts, but his ability to do heavier stuff was thoroughly demonstrated in the more serious scenes of the play last week. Mr. Levy is developing a poise on the stage that marks him as a little something more than an amateur.

To Mrs. Karmec Dolley belongs a large share of the credit for the success of the play. Her part was the most difficult of all types to do well—being one of straight acting. Her voice was particularly well modulated and her enunciation distinct and clear and her grace delightful.

Delle Berenson, as an Irish maid deserves praise. She had the gestures, the brogue and the enthusiasm necessary to make this part a success.

Jay Allen, playing a short part as a gunman made up for the brevity of his appearance on the stage by splendid acting.

Hurum Reeve was well cast as an Irish cop. Mr. Reeve discovered the secret of how to act natural on the stage and his part in the production went over with a bang.

N. E. Jamieson, wearing an intriguing vest, was a detective to the station house born. The man-

AMATEURS ASKED TO PLANT

Legion Flower Show Will Take Place July 13 and 14

\$200 IN PRIZES READY

Article in Herald Advises People What to Plant Now

"Plant your gardens now for the Legion flower show."

This is the advice of C. B. Bell, of the Legion Post, who originated the idea of the contest.

Two hundred dollars worth of prizes have been donated for the Torrance contest and already many amateur gardeners are planning to enter flowers, according to the committee.

The Herald last week published an article about gardening and follows with another this week by Fred C. McNabb. It appears on another page of this issue. Amateurs are advised to read four gardeners are planning to enter flowers, according to the committee.

Those planning to enter the contest are also advised to listen in on Station KJH each Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock when Mr. McNabb talks about gardens and flowers.

The Herald wishes to do everything in its power as a newspaper to promote the flower show. Such an event will do much to promote beauty in Torrance. It is certain that the event will grow with each year until it becomes one of the major events of interest in Torrance civic life.

Flood Relief Fund Nets \$70

Torrance Donations Acknowledged; More Money Needed

The Torrance Relief Society-Torrance Herald Flood Relief fund reached a total of \$70 this week. A check for that amount was sent to the Los Angeles Times fund. Immediate relief for the people of the stricken area is needed. The local fund is still open. Contributions may be made to Mrs. Nettie Steinhilber, 1739 Gramercy; Mrs. Isabel Henderson, 1804 Gramercy or at The Torrance Herald office.

Acknowledgement of contributions follows:

Previously acknowledged	\$35
Dr. J. S. Lancaster	10
B. C. Higginson	5
Mrs. Katherine Klusman	5
Frank Steinhilber	5
Mrs. Florence Welch	5
A friend	4
A friend	1
Total	\$70

What's On In Torrance

- Tonight, March 22—Regular meeting, O. E. S.
- Friday, March 23—Regular meetings, Torrance Relief, Royal Neighbors, Royal Neighbors Card party.
- Saturday, March 24—R. N. Food Sale at Sateway Market.
- Sunday, March 25—Services in all churches, Beverly Hills and Torrance, high school grounds.
- Monday, March 26—Directors' meeting, C. of C. Public invited.
- Tuesday, March 27—Regular meeting, I. O. O. F., K. of C., P. T. A., American Legion, W. B. A.
- Wednesday, March 28—Regular meetings, Masons, Moose, Rebekahs, American Legion Auxiliary bridge luncheon.

Observations

The Great American Bandwagon—Our National Penchant for Change—Turning Restlessness Into Energy—The Heritage of a People

By W. HAROLD KINGSLEY

I HAVE been reading an engaging book—The Great American Bandwagon by Charles Merz. Every American should read it. Mr. Merz stands aside and watches the American procession roll by. He sees it with understanding eyes, catches the significance of the clownish mass and reports them with humor, insight and a satire tempered by tolerance.

The strange thing about The Great American Bandwagon is that some reporter did not write it sooner. For all that it contains is so evident, so obvious. If there is one characteristic which is shared by all Americans it is the penchant for doing the thing that is being done. Mr. Merz takes all these things Americans are doing—and doing with the same enthusiasm and speed with which we settled a continent—and records them in a book that vibrates with good humor.

IN these delightful pages stands forth the story of the open road, the filling station, the sweep of fraternalism over the land, the rush by youths from all walks of life to the college campus, the boon of the radio, the popularity of old world names for new world subdivisions and Mediterranean architecture on the banks of the Wabash, the organized stampede for "bigger and better murders," the commercialization of beauty—the kind that poses in a one-piece suit—and so on until the band wagon leaping of the American people is thoroughly recorded. It is lovely.

UNLIKE Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Merz does not scorn his country because of what his countrymen are doing. On the contrary he sees delightful comedy in our bandwagon climbing. Moreover, he strikes significance in our many mass activities—in our fads, picks meaning out of the ferment.

THE Merz book touches the heart of America a little more tenderly than it has been touched in a long, long time. To anyone who is beginning to wonder what all the rush and fuss on this continent is about we commend the Great American Bandwagon. If it will not explain our lurch and tumble in toto, it will at least provide one with a homely humorous slant about America which may at least prevent one from going entirely crazy.

AREN'T we a funny people? Ever searching for a new sensation we leap aboard every bandwagon which gets under way and ride it until we tire of the journey and then bound off and rush for the next one which carries a good loud ballyhoo.

Let a song be catchy and we play it into its grave in a month. Bring out a new mechanical contrivance which entertains and in a year our demand for the appliance will set in motion the wheels of a gigantic industry. Look at the radio.

Bring out an automotive improvement—such as our four wheel brakes—and not one American but is unsatisfied until he possesses a vehicle equipped with the new contrivance.

Let Neighbor Jones join a new lodge and Neighbor Smith cannot rest easily until he too has mastered the countersign and been admitted to the inner sanctum.

No other people in the history of the world has been so eager to embrace innovation. We live in the present and the future, bending our utmost energy to enjoy today's fad and eagerly scanning the horizons of the future to catch the first signs of tomorrow's thrill. Whatever is new is desirable. What our fathers did binds us not. The old world clings to tradition. The new world lives in a whirlpool of traditions in the making but so far only transitory—traditions which never will grow out of their swaddling clothes, because before they reach adolescence we will have cast them aside for something new again. The only tradition firmly established by this national mutability is the tradition that all traditions are the intraditional.

IT is really very funny if you will stand aside and watch it for awhile—as Merz has done. And yet there is something deeper than humor in it all.

Why are Americans so itching for a change—for novelty—for something new? I think the reason lies in our heredity. Our forebears sought change—crossed an ocean to get it. They cut the ties of home with a single stroke and turned their faces to the setting sun—chasing the end of the rainbow, seeking surcease from the drab, dull routine of tradition and everyday life.

NOR did the craving for new scenes, new experiences end when they landed on our shores. The sons of New England fathers, inheriting restlessness from their parents, left the farms which their fathers pioneered and sought still newer worlds to conquer farther west. And so the process went on and on in their covered wagons into the land of still greater promise. The history of the United States is a record of constant change. Restlessness is our heritage. Since the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock we have been moving. We are still moving after a manner. Yet there are no more fertile territories beckoning where the sun sets. There is no more pioneering to satisfy the national craving for change. Still the yearning thrives, eating at our vitals and demanding that we answer the mysterious call for novelty.

WHAT then? This restlessness must be satisfied. And satisfy it we try to do, with every new fad that lifts itself up before our national attention. Change. Change. Change. Something new, something different, something thrilling. No more chances to drive ahead into the unknown where Redskins leer in ambush. No more pioneering romance. No more surging rivers to ford. No more virgin soil to tame.

Swift trains, aeroplanes supplant the covered wagon. Fat acres are beyond the purges of the masses. The west is won. The pioneering days are gone.

There still remains our heritage—the heritage that consolidated a continent in breathless speed. Is it any wonder that we leap aboard every new bandwagon that passes down the national street? Is it any wonder that we spring from fad to fad as a chameleon leaps from crag to crag? Is it any wonder that we are fed up fast with whatever thing we are as a people for the moment enjoying? We cannot dodge that heritage. We are irrevocably doomed to restlessness.

PERHAPS it is well. Only from transition comes innovation. Only in innovation lies progress. Restlessness, striving to satisfy itself, turns into energy. From out of the welter may emerge a noble civilization. Off some bandwagon some day may leap a new and greatly enlightened race.

CITY WINS AREA IN TRADE

C.-C. M. O. Returns 2 1-3 Times Acreage Vacated in Industrial Tract

IMPROVEMENTS \$200,000

Letter Thanks Council and Predicts Substantial Industries Here

The Santa Fe Railway Company through its subsidiary the Chancelor-Cantfield Midway Oil Company Tuesday night deeded to the city of Torrance all the streets which the company has improved on its industrial subdivision in Torrance.

The dedication of these improved streets was in accordance with the company's promise made when the Council vacated "paper" streets to the company in order that the layout of the area could be changed to permit industrial development.

The streets which the city vacated were map streets only. No improvements were in. None of the streets was used.

The streets which the company deeded to Torrance Tuesday night were all improved. They constituted almost two miles of thoroughfares paved for heavy trucking. Their area constituted two and one third times that which the city vacated in the now developed area. Improvements in the territory cost the company in excess of \$200,000. Facilities in the streets alone cost the company \$125,000.

More Coming

The area constitutes only a part of the total territory in which the city vacated streets, as the company plans to develop its industrial district by units. As each unit is improved streets will be deeded to the municipality.

When the city vacated the streets at the request of the company, the area in which the streets lay was raw acreage. It is now a graded district with water facilities, sewers, a mile and a half of railway tracks, gas mains and power lines to every lot and a fire hydrant to every 400 feet.

See Industries

The letter which accompanied the deeds was signed by U. T. Clotfelter, vice president of the C.-C. M. O. who succeeded the late C. O. Faulkner. It expressed appreciation on behalf of the company for the co-operation advanced in Torrance and declared that "we anticipate the location of substantial industries in Torrance which will greatly add to the prosperity of the City and its inhabitants."

Crowd Applauds

A large crowd applauded when the letter was read by the Council meeting Tuesday night. The Council passed a resolution accepting the deed to the streets.

The company's letter follows in full:

"To the Honorable Board of Trustees of the City of Torrance, Gentlemen:

"Herewith deed from the undersigned, Chancelor-Cantfield Midway Oil Company, conveying to the City of Torrance for public highway purposes those parcels of land described therein, located in our recently recorded industrial subdivision, known as Tract 10185, in your city.

"On these streets we have laid nearly two miles of paving for heavy trucking at our expense. Also other improvements have been installed at our sole expense since acquiring this property, consisting of:

"Moving over 250,000 cubic yards of earth to level off and make the land usable.

"The construction of a mile and a half of railway tracks.

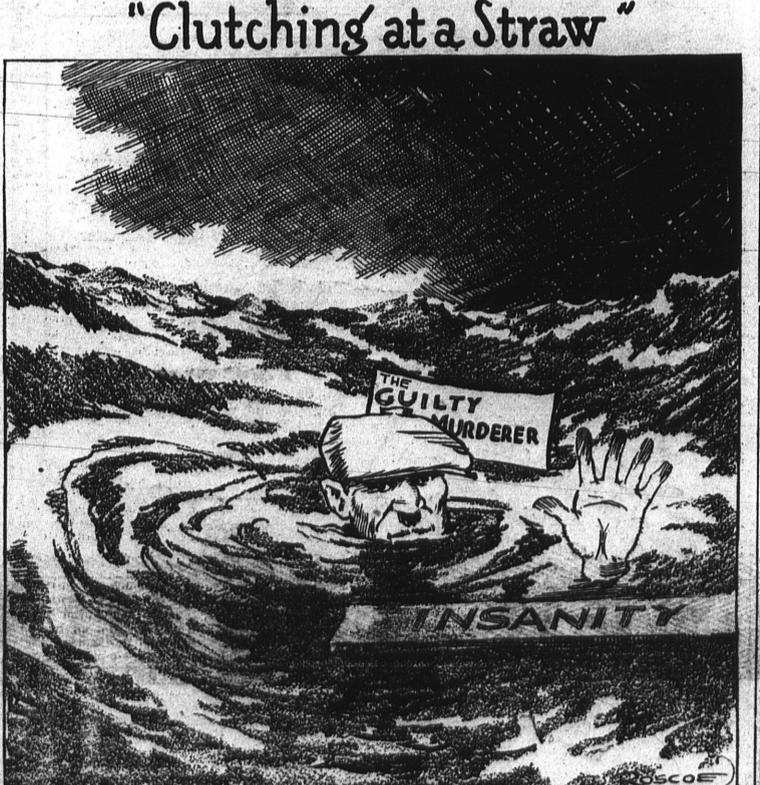
"Over 15,000 lineal feet of cast iron water mains with a fire hydrant every 400 feet.

"A complete sanitary sewer system.

"Gas mains and power lines to every lot.

"The total cost of all this is in excess of \$200,000 for these additions alone.

"Because the work mentioned was an undertaking of considerable (Continued on last page)



While relief work went forward throughout the stricken Santa Clara Valley, investigations were launched by the Federal government, the State of California, and the County of Los Angeles to ascertain what caused the break. The theory published in Hearst papers, friends of the Bureau of Water, Power and Light that the dam was dynamited was scoffed at by investigators.

Liberty bonds aggregating hundreds of thousands, Cash donations amounting to fortunes—all smeared with oil—attracted the attention of the whole country as the Senate investigations into the contributions of Harry Sinclair, millionaire oil man to the Republican party went deeper and deeper. Senator Nye, Democrat, told the press he intended to find out if any of the bonds reached Warren G. Harding Senator Walsh, also a Democrat, severely criticized Nye for smirching the good names of individuals before the inquiry has established they were implicated. In a sarcastic speech in the Senate, Caraway branded Will H. Hays, former chairman of the G. O. P. national committee as a "fence" who sent fortunes in bonds to party men, had them sell them and then donate the proceeds to the party campaign funds. Secretary Mellon said he received \$5000 in bonds from Hays who asked that they be sold and the money sent to the party fund. Mellon says he sent the bonds back and a check for \$50,000 of his own money as a contribution. Hays, testifying before the Senate committee, had not related this incident.

Disquietude was noticeable at Geneva, as League councilman highest diplomat of Old World powers discovered that Turkey, sitting for the first time in the League of Nations councils was allied with Russia and Germany. Such an entente is regarded as perilous to the peace of Europe.

At Baltimore a traffic signal at the intersection of a main highway changed at the foot of an automobile horn. A farmer drove to the corner behind his nags. The red light was against him. He waited. It did not change. He muttered. It remained red. He swore loudly. The light changed.

The Irrigation Committee of the House favorably reported on the Swing-Johnson bill providing for the construction of the Boulder dam at a cost of \$125,000,000. The west was pleased.

Hoover leaders have organized a countrywide campaign to prevent the nomination of a Republican candidate "in a hotel room at midnight." Odeen Mills, assistant secretary of the treasury, speaking in New York declared that at the Republican convention there must be no "secret" meeting and no "delivered" delegates. The move in the light of the rapidly developing Sinclair oil scandal is meeting with popular approval and rolling up still greater volume of approval of the candidacy of Herbert Hoover.

Jewels flashed. Elephants in gorgeous trappings carried high caste Hindus to and fro. Ritual, deep with Oriental significance, held the stage from early morning until late at night. When it was all over and the chants of the natives had died out with the rise of the moon, Miss Nancy Ann Miller of Seattle, Washington, was a high caste Hindu and one of the many wives of the former Maharajah of Indore with the name of Devi Sharmista. Religionists and sociologists debated whether she did right or wrong in forsaking the religion of her fathers, her Christian name and her race's belief on monogamy to marry a Hindu of great wealth, a flock of wives, and a questionable reputation.

The jungle echoed with explosions. Natives fled in fright. Planes hummed overhead. The United States Marines aviators were dropping bombs on Benoit Sandino's marauders in the fastnesses of Nicaragua's mountains. One hundred natives were killed.

The coffers of Uncle Sam are overflowing. Income tax receipts, it was estimated, will exceed expectations by \$100,000,000.

Theatricals mourned. A music-loving people remembered her as a flashing body of grace, personification of merriment. Nora Bayes, musical comedy star died in New York.

Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago returned to the United States from Rome. He told reporters that the Pope is not interested in the candidacy of Gov. Al Smith.

BILL THE BARBER SAYS
The appeal women love is "checks appeal"